

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

GIVING AND KEEPING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I do not love you! Take the truth to ponder!
Your presence does not quicken pulse or heart.

I do not smile to greet your daily coming,
Or sigh when comes the hour for us to part.

I do not miss you when you are not with me,
I count no hours away from you as slow;

You have no power to sadden or to cheer me,
To pale or flush my cheek with cold or glow.

I love no other! Earth has no claim on me!
The grave has covered up my life and light;

I've laid my heart within a dead man's coffin,
It slumbers there amid the gloom and night.

Nay—say not time will bring me consolation,
Time's march is impotent to wound or heal;

My love is dead—"It will know no resurrection!"
Life is extinct when there's no power to feel!

And knowing all, if still you dare to ask me
To go through life a statue by your side,

I grant the boon. The hand you press is marble!
The lips you kiss Love crimsoned not, but died!

Yes, bring the bridal veil and orange blossoms,
And bind the midnight shadows of my hair

With all their snowy fleeciness and fragrance,
And star my bosom with your diamonds rare!

But know once more my love is never for you!
Henceforth through life I live and breathe alone.

I bind you to me by bands no law can sever,
You wed a woman with a soul of stone!

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

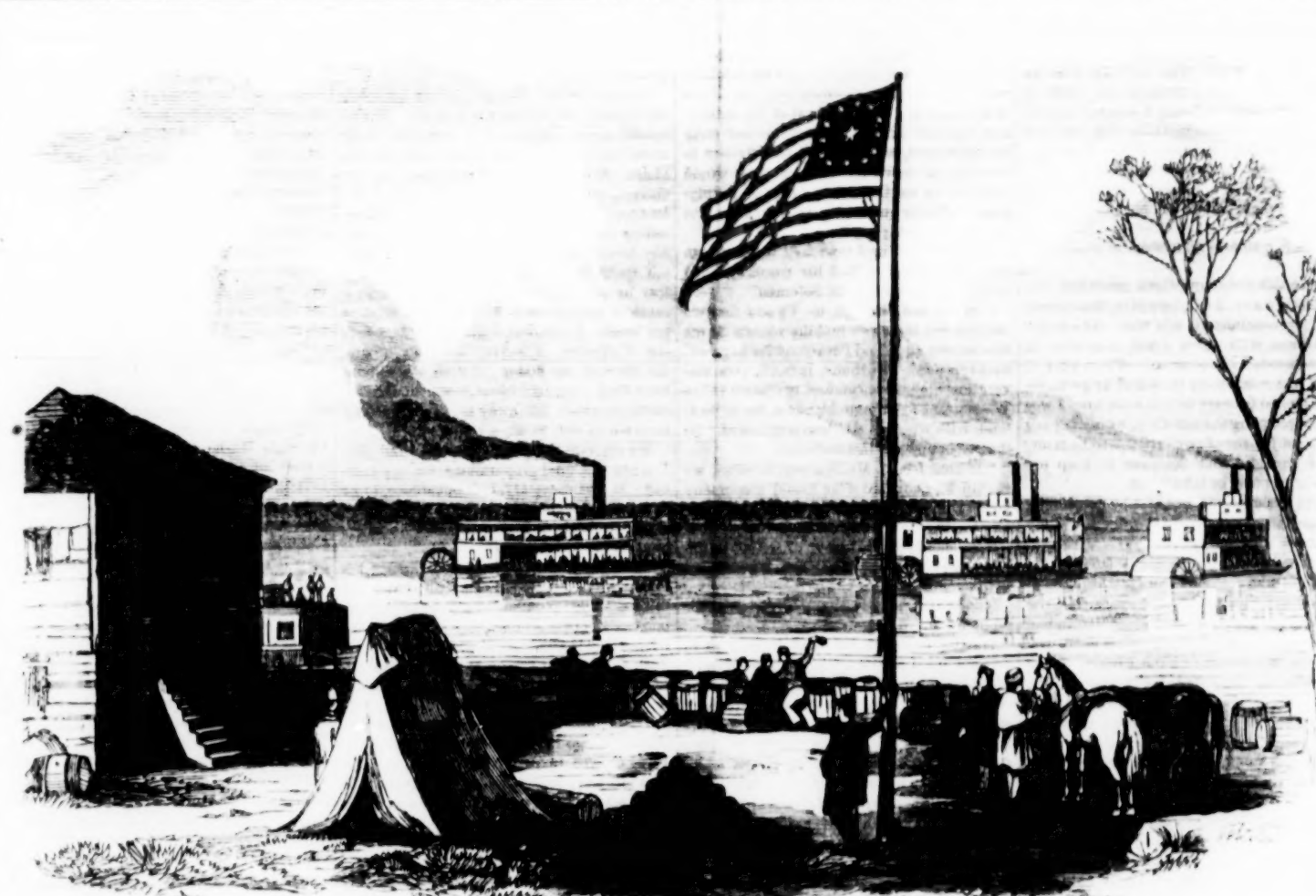
A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.
By the Authoress of "Annes Tremaine."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

I returned to England. I wrote to my mother that I was miserable, that I had tried everything, but that I despaired of all but her love. A mother's love never fails. I had left her negligently, I had been two years absent, during which I had lived a life of utter self-indulgence, and now that the better harvest was being reaped by me I wished to fly to her to save me from myself. I told her I wanted nothing but home and her. I do not know whether I deceived myself, I know I deceived my mother entirely. She believed that a season of repose and home affection would in truth heal the wounds of my soul, and that, afterwards, the good qualities for which she fondly gave me credit would be developed and exercised. The magnetic impulse which lured me to England, I scarcely avowed to myself, and it was totally unsuspected by her. Her heart, a little chilled by my past conduct, spring back at once with the idea that I needed her, and prepared out of the abundance of her affection to home in which I could renew the peace and freshness of my soul.

I arrived in London. Two days afterwards I met Warburton in the street. He recog-



PASSAGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, BY SIX DIVISIONS OF GEN. POPE'S ARMY, FROM NEW MADRID, TO ATTACK THE REBEL POSITION AT ISLAND NO. 10, IN THE REAR, APRIL 7.

New Madrid will henceforth be famous in our history as the scene of one of the most remarkable exploits in military annals—the capture of 6,000 men, three Generals, and an immense store of arms and munitions of war on an adjacent island, which had been elaborately fortified. In our last we illustrated the remarkable engineering triumph of Col. Bissell. The army which crossed afterwards was divided into six divisions.

First Division—Gen. Stanley—1st Brigade, Col. Kellogg commanding; Forty-third Ohio regiment, Sixty-fifth Ohio regiment; 2d Bri-

gade, Col. Groesbeck commanding. Twenty-seventh Ohio regiment, Thirty-ninth Ohio regiment.

Second Division—Gen. Hamilton—1st Brigade, Col. Worthington commanding; Fifth Iowa, Tenth Iowa; 2d Brigade, Twenty-sixth Missouri.

Third Division—Gen. Palmer

Fourth Division—Gen. Paine—1st Brigade, Col. Cumming commanding; Twenty-second Illinois, Fifty-first Illinois; 2d Brigade, Fortieth Illinois, Sixteenth Illinois, Fifty-first Illinois.

Fifth Division—Gen. Plummer

Sixth Division—Gen. Gordon Granger—And is composed of cavalry and artillery, the latter of which is commanded by Major Lathrop, U. S. A.

Gen. Paine's, the Fourth Division, was the first to cross. The ferry led the way, then followed the Tenth, the Eleventh, and the Fifty-first. The star-struck flag fluttering from the fore, they pulled rapidly down stream, the crowd of troops standing in line along the bank making the air heavy with cheers. There was no firing. The cannonading had

ceased for an hour or more. They could not tell whether resistance would be offered, but every man was ready. The landing was peacefully effected. Our men marched ashore and were ordered into line. The more curious part of the crowd who were not under orders, and the principal officers, surveyed the mutilated fort. The enemy's camp, a mile back, was also visited and ransacked. Only two companies of men had been stationed there, who had fled after the bombardment. Frank Leslie's Paper.

For a time only. At first I was touched by her generosity, and made resolves to put aside the weakness of my soul, to bury the Past, to turn to the Future, but these resolves were as unstable as the weak and fickle nature that made them.

By way of bidding an eternal farewell to my weak love, I went to the Grange, a day or two after I arrived. I did not enter the house, but wandered like a lost soul among the grounds. When I returned, I thought I would go to some of the cottages I had visited with Marian. I thought "this is the last day of weakness, let me have it out. At home I cannot speak of her, here these poor people will give me the best opportunity."

I did so, I wandered among them, and heard praise of the ladies collectively, but I had not the felicity of hearing any particular mention of my idol. In one of the cottages a child was crying at the door as I entered. I gathered from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in. The woman was delirious, and talking in hurried, incoherent tones, and I thought I heard her say, "Miss Marian, her that was Miss Compton."

I went up to the bed, and tried to smooth the pillows under her feverish head, and bent low over her to hear what she said, but it was in vain. I did not give up my post till the husband and the doctor arrived. Her ravings had become more and more inarticulate.

"Good God! Mr. Spencer," said the doctor, as he came in, "are you aware that your man is dying of typhus fever?"

I involuntarily shrank back. The poor husband was pouring out thanks to me. He thought it was a charitable impulse which had brought me and kept me there. I offered all that was necessary, and returned home.

I was taken ill that evening. The shock my nerves (I will not say my heart) had sustained had told very severely on my general health to make me very susceptible to infection, and easily overcome by it. I was taken ill that evening, and remained for six weeks between life and death.

As I recovered, memory seemed to awake more vividly than ever. I passed from frenzy to despondency, and at last sunk into a hopeless kind of lethargy, which must have been trying in the extreme to those with me. My mother exerted every faculty of her mind to uphold, to soothe, and to console. She was indefatigable, but the misery with which she heard my confessions and witnessed my struggles seemed to eat into her heart. Every day she was paler and more careworn. A nurse in a fever ward gets that look, when the strength of the strongest is undermined by nightly watchings, and breathing daily impure air. Sharing the sufferings and sorrows of an impure soul is not less fatal and health-destroying. There was the natural feeling of her own impotency to do me any good, which was like wormwood in a mother's heart, and added to this, my abrupt transitions from tenderness to coldness, partook so much more of the character of disease than of natural filial affection, that she was tried almost beyond the powers of woman.

There are some women for whom the Catholic legend of the heart pierced by seven swords is literally true. My poor mother! her conjugal and maternal affection were the trials of her warm affectionate nature. In both she was wretched. I had as little pity for her as for any one else, and her own life had been latterly so calm and peaceful, all her feelings had so merged and concentrated themselves into that of maternity, that she suffered from my mental sufferings as much as if our existences had been one. There were moments when my petulance and violence terrified her for my reason, there were days when my voiceless depression wrung her heart. My acquaintance with Veronica, and its fatal termination, I concealed from her, but nothing else in my life and the retrospect was a sad one.

I made no effort at self-control. The whole man was weakened, physically and mentally, and I gave way to whatever feeling was foremost.

Change of air was recommended to me, and we went to the seaside. Fanny had been all this time absent on a visit to some friends, and was not to return for many weeks. I had not seen her since my return. My mother and I were alone. When I urged her to send for Fanny as a help and assistance to her, she positively, and almost sternly, refused.

I have a deep conviction that it is a trial which only the elect of human beings can bear seatless, to be loved entirely and utterly by another. It requires a depth, a generosity, an abundance, in one's own nature, I felt oppressed. The strength of the great love which my mother felt for me was too much for my heart's vitality. The glowing sunshine extinguishes the feeble fire. It made me very happy at times, at others, I felt there was an inadequateness, an insufficiency in myself which was fatal.

"You are too earnest, mother," I used to say, "you should skim but not dive into subjects as you do."

When you are as old as I am Hubert, you will understand that life must be accepted earnestly, if we would make anything of it.

Sometimes I would say to her I felt unworthy of such love as hers. She would smile tenderly and say:

"It is only the natural difference of feeling. It is always one who loves, and one who is loved. Mine is the best share. It is better, believe me, to love, than to be loved; the loving love longer than the beloved. Be contented that it should be so."

"Contented?" I said, with wonder.

"Yes, I can imagine circumstances which would make you wish you could fly from that love, when its very intensity might seem to approach all I ask, then, from you, is patience. Bear with it, God knows, Hubert, I only ask you to fulfill your own happiness, I seek none for myself, but do you seek it where my wishes and prayers can go with you?"

One evening I was resting on the sofa, when a little confusion was heard, and Henry Warburton walked in. I received him with open arms.

Syne. Mrs. Spencer, how is he? He waited for no reply, but went on.

"Pale, I think—pulled down; but we will soon put you to rights."

I introduced him to my mother. I saw at once that he made a peculiarly unpleasant impression on her. I was perverse enough to resent her coolness to him as a wrong to myself; I felt annoyed, and showed it.

What an odd, inconsistent wish I had to please that man! If he were my friend, I could be his wife's. He was most willing, I saw, to be my friend. He had been well-toured. Besides that, he was flattered by my evident desire to please him. I had a certain reputation for talent, and it delighted him to perceive the attention which I paid to his opinions, and the deference with which I agreed with his views. I was the heir to great wealth; I was an excellent friend to have. If his own personal influence, aided by his wife's beauty and good nature, could make me a friend, I was the best card he could hold. My connection with the great mercantile house at Vienna was not severed by my father's death, or my own reluctance to join it. Till I was five and twenty my name (as a sleeping partner, however) was on their books, and in all their transactions. Well made use of, this was a key which might open the way to millions. I was much too important a person not to be courted by Harry Warburton. His frank, gentlemanlike manner (somewhat patronizing, as became our difference of age) concealed his designs on others; but I was shrewd enough to detect them at once. Yet, so deceitful is the heart of man, that had any one asked me my opinion of Warburton, I should have spoken of him in the warmest manner; I tried to persuade myself I thought so. I sought to convince my mother. It was here that the hitch between us made itself felt. For myself, my sufferings and my fruitless pain she could have the tenderest pity; but for all this sophistry, this endeavor to reason black into white she had no feeling but indignation.

Warburton stayed two days. It would have been amusing for a disinterested spectator to have observed how he fussed himself into the management of everything, from the shelling of the shrimps for breakfast to the blacking of the boots, including all the cares of my sick room. We were left almost entirely together. He told me he and his wife would be at the Grange in a week, and would stay there a long time. From some things he said, I discovered that his affairs were very much disordered and involved, from the failure of a house of business in which he had deposited his funds for some speculative purpose; but the bank had failed just as he was about to draw on the money, the realized bulk of almost his entire property, at one blow it had gone; they had but a pittance left. So much for his boasted worldly shrewdness. He spoke so generously of his resolve to bear all the inevitable privations, and spare them to his wife, that I was more and more charmed with him, and vowed in my heart of heart, that if he would permit it my best efforts should tend to the same purpose. I resolved at once to return to Speynings. My mother was pleased with this desire to return home, and gladly commenced preparations for our departure. I had in our long confidential communications told her so much, promised her so many times to endeavor to overcome my fatal passion, that though she could not tolerate my hasty friendship for Warburton it did not strike her that this sudden wish to return to Speynings might be identical with the Warburton visit to the Grange, indeed she was ignorant of this.

I remember that at the prospect of some delay which might have detained us a day or two at Speynings, I flew into a towering rage. The effect was so inadequate to the cause, and was altogether so preposterous, that she looked at me with astonishment. She recoiled at it afterwards, and understood it as a proof how deep a plan I had formed to persevere in my folly, or rather, as it seemed to her, and was in fact, my sin.

We returned. I bore the journey well. We slept one night in town. I had a disturbed and restless night, but as soon as I awoke I found my mother at my side. My least movement seemed always to be heard by her, and roused her to see if I needed anything. She would sit for hours by my bedside, even after the exigencies of my illness required it—ready to smooth a pillow, to draw a curtain, in short, to soothe and calm my restlessness, often, after hours of almost delicious tomes to her, and from my feverish couch, I have found myself gradually drop into a peaceful sleep, and on waking refreshed the next morning have found myself in her arms, hushed to forgetfulness, as in the days of my infancy. I noticed that this trying kind of life was destroying her own health. Her nerves were shattered and her strength enfeebled, but I was regardless of all.

The afternoon of the day we arrived, as I was waiting in anxious expectation, the door of the room in which we sat was opened, and to my mother's infinite surprise—for she did not know they were at the Grange—the War-

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THE IRONSIDES.

Recent accounts from England state that during a late trial of ordnance, it was found that a shot could be fired clear through a target constructed in a similar manner either to the sides of the Warrior or of the Monitor. The shot used was 68-pound and 156-pound shot with a 40-pound and 50-pound charge, fired from a smooth bore 104 inch gun, at a range of 200 yards. The iron mass of the target was penetrated by the smaller shot, and shattered into little crumbs of metal by the larger; the track behind the iron being splintered into fibres literally as small as pins by the 156-pounder. According to this account, a section similar to the side of the turret of the Monitor was erected at Shoeburyness, and proved to be "as vulnerable, almost, as timber, even to the commonest muzzle-loading guns."

We confess we doubt the accuracy of the trials referred to above. The Merrimack carried during the recent encounter in Hampton Roads the heaviest kind of guns—including, it is said, one 11 inch one—and the turret of the Monitor was hit several times in the most direct manner possible, the result being only a shallow dent in the surface. We are a little inclined to believe that the English authorities—in view of the present superiority of France in mail-clad vessels—either are producing results with a purpose, or else are allowing themselves to be deceived by their own sanguine hopes. How is it, we may fairly ask, that they have never made such obvious experiments before? It was understood that they had tested the matter in all practicable ways, before they went to an expenditure of five millions of dollars on the Warrior. If we correctly apprehend the reports of these last experiments, no new and more powerful guns have been constructed—in fact, it is with the old smooth-bore that this wonderful result has been attained.

We shall be surprised, we admit, if a repetition of the English experiments on this side of the water, proves the correctness of the English conclusions.

That guns can be made, however, which will batter the present ironclads to pieces we have no doubt. The new fifteen-inch Dahlgrens, fifty of which are now being cast at Pittsburg, and which will carry a ball weighing over 300 pounds, probably will do the business. And if these will not, the twenty-inch Dahlgrens, whose balls will weigh 1,000 pounds, doubtless will smash any ironclad that we are at present able to build. Six or seven inches of iron is believed to be the limit of the thickness of side that a sea-going vessel can carry—and a ball of 1,000 pounds would doubtless either smash or penetrate as easily as a ball of one twentieth the weight does wood.

As to the vessels, a description of the Galena, which is now in Hampton Roads, prepared to say how it is to be the Merrimack, is given in the present paper. Another curious monster has been contracted for at Boston, which is to be furnished with Woodbury's submarine battery. This battery is to be discharged under the surface of the water, where iron-clad vessels are apt to be either thinly plated, or not plated at all. An account says:

"The vessel will be 136 feet long and 30 feet beam, and will be built throughout of iron in the most substantial manner. She will carry one gun on deck and a large gun for submarine firing at the bow. She is to be built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, and is to be ready for service in from four to five months. The period stated for the completion of this vessel would put her in commission in September next."

"The idea of the inventor is to build an iron-clad, bomb-proof vessel of sufficient tonnage to carry a gun at the bow, one at the stern, and as many as desirable amidships. The vessel in action will lie alongside of her adversary, and discharge her guns at as near range as possible to obtain."

"The cannon are to be of the usual shape, but longer than common, and can be cast to discharge any projectile now in use. The gun, when ready for action, has a tin cylinder raised close to the muzzle, rendering the chamber air-tight, and preventing the entrance of water. When the piece is fired, the charge attains its full velocity before reaching the tin canister previously mentioned, and an effective shot may be made at a distance of two or three hundred feet."

"The cannon is fitted into a stuffing box, similar to that of the piston of a steam engine, and an automatic port-hole opens at short notice, the piece is run out or withdrawn. The recoil on the gun is so strong, and the action of the port so sudden, that it is expected very little water will be shipped as the cannon is drawn in."

"A twelve pounder was fired under water at a target made of spruce plank, crossed at right angles, and heavily bolted and braced, and placed at a distance of ten or twelve feet. The target was penetrated in such a manner as to show that the invention is one of the most important which has been made in naval warfare."

If this Woodbury's battery should prove a success, it will make another revolution in naval warfare. As with all other advances in military science, these improvements in vessels and

baritone entered. Marian sank rather than sat on a chair at my side. Warburton talked so loudly and so fast that nothing but his voice was heard. When I looked round my mother had left the room. Marian threw back her head and there was a light on her bright cheeks. She asked me most affectionately after my health. The extreme reticence of her manner which suggested so much, though it expressed so little, seemed by its wordless tenderness to reconcile me to irreparable loss. I drank deeper and deeper of the poison. It was not happiness, but there was a sweetness in the misery I suffered that was as thrilling as happiness. From that day there lay a world between my mother's heart and mine, but the sharp blade cut into hers. She believed that I had accepted a part, she attributed my coming to England to a predetermined plan, and she resented from being a participator, even passively, in what seemed to her sin. As long as I appeared sane and candid with her as long as I left her to share my sorrow with me, she was indefatigable, but when, instead of seeking to repress the fatal feeling which had ruined my life, I indulged it in a covert and dishonorable manner, she confided to herself with unutterable sorrow that she was defeated, and yielded up all hopes of my effectual recovery from the moral disease which had enervated my character and prostrated my energies.

I cared for no remonstrances of hers. I was at Speynings, Marian was at the Grange. Till my health was established she came almost daily to see me, but as soon as I was able to visit in my turn she desisted. My mother's coldness to her was unchangeable. I went continually to the Grange. We were always engaged in parties of pleasure which drew me more and more from home, and I stayed there for days. *For that time, in that house,* Warburton always invited me, Marian was pleased and consented, but nothing more—no husband could have been jealous. Communion with her was shown by both. Her husband, though he knew my situation for his sake, and though he was resolved never to allow it to manifest itself beyond a certain point, he was not an absolute villain; affected to ignore it, yet, after, and to attribute my constant visits to my pleasure in his society. She never varied in a certain gentle manner, though her eyes—those large, tender, deep eyes—told a different tale. Warburton's presence of me rung through the neighborhood, and when any evil-disposed neighbor said, "How intimate that young Spencer is with the Warburtons?" the answer always was, "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Warburton's; besides, there has always been a great intimacy between Speynings and the Grange. It is not surprising that a lively young fellow like Mr. Spencer should prefer the society of such a good fellow as Warburton to a gloomy place like Speynings with that poor invalid his mother."

My mother was not an almost confirmed invalid, but she struggled against her fast increasing malady, she was so anxious not to make any claim on me, she would not owe to my compassion for her physical sufferings. Those attentions which my love did not render necessary. It was difficult for a heart, so high as hers to comprehend the sterility of mine. My being seemed clothed of all feelings but on one point. I was like a patient with a chronic disease. The strength, as well as weakness of my constitution fed my mainly and drained the vital springs of my life. It affected in silence by all I might be said to be devoted. For I have a fine spirit, and after a communion of such entire sympathy as seldom exists between a parent and child, I drew a line of demarcation between my mother and myself. Yet with an inconsistency, so slight to me, I expected precisely the same devotion from her. If I observed a shadow on her brow, how much had it darkened in those few moments of a colder second in her eyes. I felt as though I agreed with it as I was the wronged one. Her affection was to be poured out without measure and stint, though I did not even stoop to regard it.

"Darius is sick in the?" And all the voices which sound in a man's ear in life, there is one voice always instantly and dominantly heard. When that voice is the voice of God, there is harmony in the noise around; when the voice of self is the loudest, there is discord. There was discord enough with me at that time. I was intelligent enough to know how recklessly I was destroying myself, but I was so selfish by nature, habit, and education, that I could not resist taking advantage of the present enjoyment. If there be one thing which is more dangerous than another, the sophistry with which we persuade ourselves, that because our overt actions are not against the outward law of right we are sinless. So long as I did not persuade Marian to leave her home and children for me, I thought I was guiltless. I imagined I did not betray Warburton's trust if I did not openly speak of love, though my whole being proved it. Marian and I had no explanation. How was it that I understood that her engagement with Warburton had been forced on her, soon after Mr. Villars' death, by the exigencies of her position? Mr. Villars had died deeply involved, and Mr. Warburton, a friend of his in life, had extricated the widow, as far as he could. Gratitude, esteem, the feeling of association, the fears of the future for her boy, had led her to accept his hand, and to consent to marry him as soon as her mourning was over. She came to live meanwhile in retirement at the Grange. When she knew me, her feelings for the first time rebelled against her engagement, but on the one hand she was bound, on the other she had no reason to believe my feelings were really interested in her, though she was conscious I admired her, she saw my mother's dislike to her, and too timid to take such a decided step as to break her engagement with Warburton, and too uncertain of my feelings to acknowledge her own to herself sufficiently to authorize her to that step, she let it go on. My sudden departure

had confirmed her suspicion that I had some other attachment. Now that our fates were irretrievably what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, calmer than love? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry, but she was to be my only friend. At different times, by veiled allusions, by broken expressions, this was revealed to me. I was persuaded that in all true love Marian was mine. She tolerated her husband, and for the sake of her children she remained in his house, but love for me was the secret of her life. She must do her duty. That duty was interpreted in the manner she took all the flower of my life, my thoughts, my time, my anxious service, I was as much hers as the ring on her finger, and she gave me in return sweet, kind words, melting looks, and winning little attentions. What right had I to more? Had I not secured at times a kiss that pressed her hand, to sit by her side, was more to me than to be the adored and adoring husband of another? As to Warburton, he was not completely satisfied with her docility and sweetness. She would elude him in all things he wished, yet was he perched on the back of his chair, she contented in both. Yes, for the burning jealousy, the latter yearnings, the death in life. I sometimes indulged, I blamed myself, even against Fate—anything, any one, but my faultless and peerless love.

In vain my mother expostulated. "This is dishonour, Hubert. How can you take that man's hand, hold his child on your knee, when—"

"I have a sincere friendship for him. Why not?"

It was this ordinary which made her turn hopelessly away. I felt, however, that things could not continue in this way. The house of business with which I was connected in Vienna needed my presence. From time to time I had indefinitely promised to go there, and I looked forward to it as an escape. I was fast approaching the age when, by my father's will, a settlement of property was to be made, and I should either continue to keep my name in the firm or take it out.

I was so perplexed, so beset by contending feelings and contradictory purposes, that my life was a very purgatory. With the weakness which belonged to me I fancied that change of place would change the circumstances, and I longed to free myself from the evil which my own undisciplined nature had woven round me. I conversed a good deal with the Warburtons on the subject. They counselled me strongly to go to Vienna. He, like all practical men, or so-called practical men, thought it was right to go wherever there was a prospect of furthering pecuniary interests, a studious life, or a contemplative one was what he stigmatized as an idle one. Marian on her side, had an idea—a very erroneous one—that my mother possessed some influence over me, and that that influence was inimical to her. She therefore also wished me to leave Speynings. I was maturing in silence my resolve to leave, but instead of frankly declaring my intention of leaving, certain as I was that no obstacle would be made by my mother, I was so conscious of having been unkind, negligent, and ungrateful to her, that I made the resolve appear the consequence of wrong done by her.

One day when she was speaking to me seriously on the subject of my perpetual visits to the Grange, which I persisted in attributing to friendship, in the very teeth of my despairing confessions to her, she said—

"Friendship! if you were married to Mrs. Warburton, Hubert, how would you like her to have a friendship for another man such as she has for you?"

"I do not see the object of such a question," I replied.

"Its purpose is to warn you, Hubert. Are you so sure of yourself, of her, that you can thus for ever set the society of a woman you have so dearly loved, I will not say that you still love, with impunity to both?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because I feel convinced that you are only heaping up infinite sorrow, if not guilt, upon yourself."

"Why, am I not to have friends?"

"Friends! Is it a friend's part for a woman who is the wife of another to absorb to herself a young man's time, thoughts, happiness, to encourage him to give himself up entirely to her?"

"She is always urging me to marry and settle near her."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rilled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for hers, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood, or you do love her, and this conduct will lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed, "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

I had never seen her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had scarcely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own cruel unkindness, wanton acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow, I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

One morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added, carelessly, that I

should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their glance of mute reproach has often returned to me. But I had entered upon a downward path, and every minute accelerated my descent.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetness itself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my troubled spirit. Being with her was of itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to hers, to cherish and adore her, was delight. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon us, reveals sooner or later upon oneself. Warburton lectured me a good deal that morning on the necessity of asserting my own free will, and not to waste my manhood on servile dependence on my mother. To hear him, one would suppose my mother had been some doctored old woman, who to satisfy some spiteful caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world, that she was ignorant of the necessities imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to idleness and a country retirement was not exactly doing her duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts, that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this very morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence—

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clenched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the one ravishing idea that for two months I should be under the same roof as Marian! She and I, and the children, walked on the Grange together, the children played on in front, and she hung on my arm. We talked of the pleasant prospects of these two months; she delicately handled my bruised soul with her soft indulgence and sympathy; how like an angel she seemed, and my heart rose up in indignant condemnation when I thought—this is the woman I am asked to give up—this is the solace I am forbidden to accept. I did not remember the plain fact that it was not till after her second marriage that my mother had seriously opposed my inclination for Marian. It was from my own confessions of the wanton way in which she had coquetted with me that she judged her. At present she was passive. Since our last conversation her lips had been sealed. She was not a woman to contend in such a game, or to place a mother's love on the same footing as this holiday friendship, if friendship it were, or in the same category as this sinful passion, if her surmises were correct, and it was passion.

Marian and I parted affectionately at the lodge, and I paused to see her graceful form fade in the twilight. When I entered the dreary room Fanny was alone. She met me with a serious and reproving look. She told me my mother was lying down; she had heard of the death of Mrs. Spencer, my great uncle's widow. Though I did not know her, I knew well the affection which united them, and that, but for my illness, in the autumn, she would have gone as usual to see her. When I entered the room where my mother was, I saw she was worn out with tears. My heart smote me, and I spoke more tenderly than usual. She was touched. She held my hand between hers and pressed it fondly; we talked of irrelevant matters for awhile, but my answers were absent and constrained. After having made up my mind to the rupture at once it seemed vexatious to be toiled. After a while she observed my absence of mind, and asked me what was the matter. A little hesitation and I told her all my plans; she listened calmly.

"When did you say you were going?" she asked in a constrained voice.

There was not a word of remonstrance or regret. I was irritated; the resolution I had come to after so much agitation and pain—for I was a moral coward—seemed to have no import whatever. I was provoked and my vanity suffered. I turned and said—

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousies I can stay no longer."

The apparent quiet with which my mother had heard my first words had been an exercise of great self-control. There was too little light in the room for me to see the death-paleness which overspread her face when I first broached the subject, or the convulsive manner in which she clasped her hands together, or I might have spared her. As it was I persevered. An executioner who has stretched a criminal on the rack, and who finds the first turn of the engine inadequate to force a complaint, may from the same spirit of antagonism, even more than the spirit of cruelty, give it an extra turn.

Say what we will, there is something of the tiger in every undisciplined human heart. I might never be satisfied with the effect produced. She started up, and the flood of bitter sorrow and disappointment in me, which had been slowly amassing during these dreary months, overflowed. I shrank back, convicted and appalled.

"If it had been a friend," she said, "who

had thrown himself upon another friend, as you cast yourself upon me when you wrote to me from Venice, using my mind, my heart, my time, as ministers of yours in the premeditated and systematic plan you had formed from the date of that letter, to approach nearer the object of your unwholesome passion, and when your end was accomplished, casting off that friend as a worn-out glove, such cold-blooded ingratitude would have seemed heartless enough, but when it is a mother's life and heart's blood you have been playing with, and when you wind up this unparalleled treachery by coming to me at such a time to wound me to the heart, by telling me that all my efforts, my endurance, my kindness have been in vain, that I who have dreamed, thought, breathed but to lighten your load and assuage your cares, have made you miserable—I feel that my sorrow is greater than I can bear. Go, Hubert, the sight of you kills me."

I obeyed her.

The next day passed in a gloomy calm. Though little able to do so, my mother had risen and went about as usual, she was so fearful that I should think she wished to make her illness a plea for delaying my departure.

I escaped to the Grange; it was the hunting season, and Warburton hunted. Marian needed my society to while away her lonely mornings, and we were left almost entirely alone. A few days afterwards I sent for my servant and belongings, and we left for Scotland. I wrote a few lines to my mother, telling her I was going, but without giving any further reason for not seeing her again.

I spent two months in Scotland. I was less happy than I expected. There was a sense of self-reproach which left an ache in my heart. There was, besides, a strange feeling of surprise at having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as *solid*, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarrelled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton, "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence" (which had it ever been infringed?) "basta," as Marian would say. Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When at last, I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a moody, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproach in itself. It was cold, the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I requested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good natured attempts to enliven it. When I had announced my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place, how the Comptons had returned to the Grange, &c., &c. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort, and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fanny," I said, I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good-bye," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert! Be happy, and keep well."

Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice.

"I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizes you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good-bye!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swung round at once to Marian.

At five and twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinnafors, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *est un accessoire*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

I never saw my mother again. Twelve months after I left England she died.

During that period I had not only joined the firm at Vienna, but had, by my hereditary and personal influence, made room for Warburton. He and his wife were now domiciled at Vienna.

I was a man who misses a daily intercourse, but whose affections are not solid enough to stand the trial of absence, and I did not mourn my mother much. Besides,

there was a sting in such grief as I could not help feeling, which my selfishness left me resolutely to fight against. However plausibly I might argue with myself, there was a sin on my soul. My actions appeared harmless enough. The crimes which darken many minds I was innocent of. I had kept within the outward limit which separates vice from virtue, and yet the mildest of my reckless self-love had destroyed all that came too near me. The world spoke fairly of me; the Warburtons and their clique praised me to the skies; but character sooner or later finds its level, and I did not retain my friends; but I was in the bloom and spring of life, my face was turned to the ascent of the Mountains of Delight. What had I to do with memories of that fair face hidden under the sands which are washed by the Adriatic Lagoon? Why should I torture myself with thinking how irreparably I had grieved and wounded the heart which now lay at rest under the channel of our old church? But it is the worst of characters like mine, to see the right and pursue the wrong. My intelligence pointed out to me where my errors injured me, but my will, long perverted by self-indulgence, had not power to alter. I suppose, therefore, I was beginning to discover that some of the glory of my love was dimmed. I still adored Marian; but constant intercourse had robbed my love of some of its fairy enchantments. Reaction had followed the excitement in which I had lately lived. Besides, I had attained, as far as I could, the object of my desires.

It is extraordinary how brief is the phase of contentment in some minds, and how soon the balance weighs downwards. We ascend the hill with great difficulty, but the place at the top is so narrow, that in a very brief time we are obliged to descend. In the gay circles of Vienna, Marian was very much admired. The besotted vanity of Warburton was such, that he imagined it was his society which attracted the Viennese youth to his home. I used to feel enraged at his self-satisfaction. Certainly Marian had art enough to manage a score of admirers without compromising herself, or committing him. Not one of these gay and gallant courtiers imagined, I am sure, that the slouching, dark-eyed young Englishman whom her husband was so fond of, was acknowledged by her to be her only friend.

But I was not happy. There were times when I was almost suffocated by contending feelings, when I felt I must break through it all, and either snatch away Marian to be my own in some far foreign land; or taking an eternal farewell of her, return to England, bury myself at Speynings, out of sight of that fatal beauty which had destroyed my life. Marian and I had spoken of the former alternative; her children were her excuse for not acting up to the love she professed. No, she could not leave them, how could I ask it? Was that my love for her? she could understand a woman sacrificing herself, but not bringing shame on her children. Whether the difficulty was not in reality her dislike to change a position which had so much that was seducing to a woman of her inclinations for the solitary companionship of one heart, I will not affirm. Besides, it was not even an alternative; she had hitherto united both, the homage of the world and my unswerving fidelity. Why should there be a change? If I was not happy I could go. In our unfortunate position, she said we must each forego something.

I fancied she kept within the limits of virtue (she piqued herself on her religious principles, and had a great fear of the devil) by remaining in her home. Yet where was her loyalty to her husband when she knew of my love, and under the specious name of friendship, allowed me to speak of it. Under the name of friendship I was to be hers, and hers only. I had a vague feeling, sometimes, that a straightforward woman would have said, "Leave me; it is not good for either of us to continue a feeling which must bring, eventually, so much pain on both. Your heart must need a fuller feeling than I can bestow on it. Give me your friendship, but seek another woman's love. Love cannot exist without hope, and hope I cannot give you. Leave me for a while, and put me out of the calculation in your reveries of future happiness. You will thank me one day for what seems coldness now."

She never said this. She took for granted that the anomalous position in which we were was to be eternal, and on the least evidence of impatience or desire to break my chain her eyes would seek mine, and their look of mournful reproach would instantly recall my wandering allegiance. At last, however, even she began to feel that some change was a necessity. She feared the effect of custom. She dreaded the daily increasing irritability of my temper, which might at any moment cause a scene between us, in which she might have to abdicate some of her superiority. She, at last, herself counselled me to go.

It was necessary I should go to Speynings; the large fortune which had been vested in my mother by my great uncle she had bequeathed to me without restriction. To Fanny she had left a modest competence. The rent roll of Speynings was not in itself large, but the large sum of ready money in the funds, and my father's fortune, made me a rich man.

I wound up my affairs at Vienna; I invited the Warburtons to pay me a long visit the first *couple* he had, and returned to England. The day I left Marian was very pale, the tears were in her eyes. It was winter; she fastened a small cashmere scarf around my throat with her own white hands.

"You must take care of yourself for my sake."

She was rarely so demonstrative, and my heart melted within me. So soft to her, how strangely hard that heart had become to all else!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Union soldiers will be able to stand the summer better than the rebels, for they have a greater talent at keeping cool.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

LIFE'S SECRET

L.Y. MICHAELIS-WOODS,

CHAPTER VIII

"Darby" said Austin, when the man appeared before him, "will you pass your word to me, to remain?" Here men come, they sign the document, they have work assigned them, and in a day or so, I hear that they have left again. It causes no end of confusion to us, for work to be taken up and laid down in that way."

"Don't take on so," whispered a neighbor, who knew his thoughts. "If you had gone back to work as soon as the yards were open, you'd only have been set upon and half-

Mr. Cox took up the offered pledge. A

Mrs. Dunn went in. The room was stripped of all, save a few things, too old or too useless for Mr. Cox to take; and, save for a little fire, it presented a complete picture of poverty. The children lay on the boards

"Can one clam!" fiercely returned Mrs. Dunn. "Let him eat a shell!"

lower sash of the window, and place in front of the opening at the bottom rail a piece of wood of any approved depth; this leaves corresponding space between the meeting rails in the middle of the window, through which the current of air is directed towards

Keep me from sinful thought and deed,
Be with my steps in hour of need,
And make my soul, if Thou dost take,
All clean and pure for Jesus' sake.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

ing babies,) is loathed by the South Sea Islanders. Goats have been introduced into several of the islands, but the people deride the settlers for using their milk, and ask them why they do not milk the *seas*. On the

Human flesh has been, and still is, eaten in

He is the centre of the family circle. The females, mother and all, are but so many planets moving round him, and deriving all their brightness from him. He reads in their

haritably forming his opinion of the sex

touching the tempers of women. He in-
deed pronounces all such assertions ex in-

and, Margaret Fuller married the Count d'Ossoli, ten years younger than herself, and the immortal Jenny Lind is said to be eight or ten years older than her Otto Goldschmidt, and those were what are called "happy marriages."

The best way to keep food on a full stomach is not to bolt it down.

"BLESSED DREAMS."

BY FLORENCE FERRY.

The sunset smile had left the sky—
The moon rose calm and fair,
As low a little maiden knelt
To breathe her nightly prayer;
And thus her brief petition rose
In simple words and few—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Oh, I have stood in temples grand,
Where in the rainbow'd gloom
Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips,
Through clouds of dense perfume—
But never one has seemed to me
So guileless, pure and new—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Al, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need have we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise?
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But low and pray with you,
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

—Portland Transcript.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

KEEPING OFFICE.

Hamish entered the office. Arthur and Roland Yorke had their heads stretched out at the window, and did not hear his footsteps. He advanced quietly and brought his hands down hastily upon the shoulder of each. Roland started, and gave his head a knock against the window frame.

"How you startle a fellow! I thought it was Mad Nance come in to seize hold of me."

"She has seized hold of enough for one day," said Hamish. "Harper will dream of her to-night."

"I thought Galloway would have gone into a fit, he laughed so," cried Arthur. "As to my sides, they'll ache for an hour."

Roland Yorke's lip curled with an angry expression. "My opinion coincides with Harper's," he said. "I think Mad Nance ought to be punished. We are none of us safe from her, if this is to be the game."

"If you punish her to-day, she would do the same again to-morrow, when the fit came over her," rejoined Hamish. "It is not often she breaks out like this. The only thing is, to steer clear of her."

"Hamish has a fellow feeling for that Mad Nance," mockingly spoke Roland Yorke.

"Yes, poor thing! for her story is a sad one. If the same grievous wrong were worked upon some of us, perhaps we might go mad and take to dancing for the benefit of the public. Talking of the public, Arthur," continued Hamish, turning to his brother, "what became of you at dinner-time? The mother was for setting the down-crier to work."

"I could not get home to-day. We have had double work to do, as Jenkins is away."

Hamish tilted himself on to the edge of Mr. Jenkins's desk, and took up the letter, apparently in abstraction, which Mr. Galloway had left there, ready for the post.

"Mr. Robert Galloway, Sea-view Terrace, Ventnor, Isle of Wight," read he aloud. "That must be Mr. Galloway's cousin," he remarked; "the one who has got through so much money."

"Of course it is," answered Roland Yorke. "Galloway pretty near keeps him, I know. There's a £20 bank-note going to him in that letter. Catch me doing it, if I were Galloway."

"I wish it was going into my pocket instead," said Hamish, balancing the letter on his fingers, as if he wished to test its weight.

"I wish the clouds would drop sovereigns! But they don't come any the quicker for my wishing it," said Roland Yorke.

Hamish put the letter back from whence he had taken it, and jumped off the desk.

"I must be walking," said he. "Stopping here will not do my work. If we—"

"By Jove! there's Knivett!" uttered Roland Yorke. "Where's he off to, so fast? I have something that I must tell him."

Snatching up his hat, Roland darted at full speed out of the office, in search of one who was running at full speed also down the street. Hamish looked out, amused, at the chase; Arthur, who had called after him in vain, seemed vexed.

"Knivett is one of the fleetest runners in Helstonleigh," said Hamish. "Yorke will scarcely catch him up."

"I wish Yorke would allow himself a little thought, and not act upon impulse," exclaimed Arthur. "I cannot stop three minutes longer, and he knows that! I shall be late for college."

He was already preparing to go thither. Putting some papers in order upon his desk, and locking up others, he carried the letter for Ventnor into Mr. Galloway's private room, and put it into the letter rack. Two others, ready for the post, were lying there. Then he went to the front door to look out for Yorke. Yorke was not to be seen.

"What a thoughtless fellow he is!" exclaimed Arthur, in his vexation. "What is to be done? Hamish, you will have to stop here."

"Thank you! what else?" asked Hamish. "I must be at college, whatever betide."

Which was true; yet neither the office he left vacant, Arthur grew a little flurried.

"Do stay, Hamish. It will not hinder you

five minutes, I dare say. Yorke is sure to be in."

Hamish came to the door, halting on its first step, and looking out over Arthur's shoulder. He drew his head in again with a sudden movement.

"Is not that old Hopper down there?" he asked, below his breath, the tone sounding like one of fear.

Arthur turned his eyes on a shabby, old man, who was crossing the end of the street, and saw Hopper, the sheriff's officer.

"Yes, why?"

"It is that old fellow who holds the writ. He may be on the watch for me now. I can't go out just yet, Arthur; I'll stay here till Yorke comes back."

He returned to the office, sat down, and leaned his brow upon his hand. A strange brow of care it was, just then, ill according with the gay face of Hamish Channing.

Arthur, waiting for no second permission, flew towards the cathedral as fast as his long legs would carry him. The dean and chapter were preparing to leave the chapter house as he tore past it, through the cloister. Three o'clock was striking. Arthur's heart and breath were alike panting when he gained the dark stairs. At that moment, to his excessive astonishment, the organ began to peal forth.

Seated at it was Mr. Williams; and a few words of explanation ensued. The organist said he should remain for the service, which rendered Arthur at liberty to go back again.

He was retracing his steps underneath the elm-trees in the boundaries, at a less swift pace than he had recently passed them, when, in turning a corner, he came face to face with the sheriff's officer. Arthur, whose thoughts were at that moment fixed upon Hamish and his difficulties, started away from the man, in an impulse for which he could not have accounted.

"No need for you to be frightened of me, Mr. Arthur," said the man, who in his more palmy days, before he learnt to take more drink than was good for him, had been a clerk in Mr. Channing's office. "I have got nothing about me that will bite you."

He laid a stress upon the "you" in both cases. Arthur understood only too well what was meant, though he would not appear to do so.

"Nor anybody else, either, I hope, Hopper. A warm day, is it not?"

Hopper drew close to Arthur, not looking at him, apparently examining with hands and eyes the trunk of the elm-tree underneath which they had halted.

"You tell your brother not to put himself in my way," he said, in a low tone, his lips scarcely moving. "He is in a bit of trouble, as I suppose you know."

"Yes," breathed Arthur.

"Well, I don't want to serve the writ upon him; I won't serve it, unless he makes me, by throwing himself within length of my arm. If he sees me coming up one street, let him cut down another, into a shop, anywhere; I have got eyes that only see when I want 'em to. I come prowling about here once or twice a day for show, but I come at a time when I am pretty sure he can't be seen; just come out, or just gone in. I'd rather not harm him."

"You are not so considerate to all," said Arthur, after a pause given to revolving the words, and to wonder whether they were spoken in good faith, or with some insidious purpose. He could not decide.

"No, I am not," pointedly returned Hopper, in answer. "There are some that I look after as sharp as a ferret looks after a rat, but I'll never do that by any son of Mr. Channing's. I can't forget the old days, sir, when your father was kind to me; he stood by me longer than my own friends did; but for him I should have starved in that long illness I had, when the office would have me no longer. Why don't Mr. Hamish settle this?" he abruptly added.

"I suppose he cannot," answered Arthur.

"It is but a bagatelle at the worst, and our folks would not have gone to extremities if he had shown only a disposition to settle. I am sure that if he would go to them now and pay down a £10 note, and say, 'You shall have the rest as I can get it,' they'd withdraw proceedings, ay, even for £10 I believe they would. Tell him to do it, Mr. Arthur, tell him I always know which way the wind blows with our people."

"I will tell him, but I fear he is very short of money just now. Five or ten pounds may be as impracticable to find sometimes as five or ten thousand."

"Better find it than that he should be locked up," said Hopper. "How would the office get on? Deprive him of the power of management, and it might cost Mr. Channing his place. What use is a man of when he's in prison? I was in that office for ten years, Mr. Arthur, and I know every trick and turn in it, though I have left it a good while. And now that I have said this, I'll go on; and mind you tell him."

"Thank you," warmly replied Arthur.

"And when you have told him, please to forget that you have heard it. There's somebody's eyes peering at me over the deanery blinds. They may peer! I don't mind them, deaneries don't trouble themselves with sheriff's officers."

He glided away, and Arthur went straight to the office. Hamish was alone; he was seated at Mr. Jenkins's desk, writing a note.

"You're still, Hamish? Where's Yorke?"

"Eh? answers where," replied Hamish, who appeared to have recovered his full flow of spirits. "I have seen nothing of him."

"That's Yorke all over! It is too bad."

"It would be worse this busy afternoon with me. But what brings you back, Mr. Arthur? Have you left the organ to play itself?"

"Williams is taking it; he heard of Jenkins's accident, and thought I might not be able to get away from the office to-day, so he attended himself."

"Come, that's good natured of Williams! A bargain's a bargain, and having made the

bargain, of course it is your own look-out that you fulfill it. Yes, it was considerate of Williams."

"Considerate for himself," said Arthur; "he did not come down to give me holiday, but in the fear lest Mr. Galloway should prevent my attending. A pretty thing it would have been," he said to me, "that there been no organist this afternoon; it might have cost me my place!"

"Moonshine!" said Hamish. "It might have cost him a word of reprimand, nothing more."

"Helstonleigh's dean is a strict one, remember. I told Williams he might always depend upon me."

"What should you have done, pray, had I not been here to turn office-keeper?" laughed Hamish.

"Of the two duties I must have obeyed the most important one. I should have locked the office up and given the key to the housekeeper till college was over, or till Yorke returned. He deserves something for this move. Has any one called?"

"No, Arthur, I have been making free with a sheet of paper and an envelope," said Hamish, completing the note he was writing. "I suppose I am welcome to it?"

"To ten, if you want them," returned Arthur. "To whom are you writing?"

"As if I should put you on a constant of my love letters!" he gaily answered Hamish.

How could Hamish indulge in this careless gaiety with the sword hanging over his head? It was very a puzzle to Arthur. A light, sunny nature was Hamish Channing's. This sobering blow which had fallen on it had probably not come before it was needed. Had his bark been sailing in waters perpetually smooth, he might have wasted his life, indolently basking on the calm seductive waves. But the storm arose, the waves ran high, threatening to engulf him, and Hamish knew that his best energies must be put forth to surmount them. Never, never talk of troubles as dark, unmitigated evils to the God-fearing, the God-trusting, they are fraught with hidden love.

"Hamish, were I threatened with evil, as you are, I could not be otherwise than oppressed and serious."

"Where would be the use of that?" cried gay Hamish. "Care killed a cat. Look here, Arthur, you and your grave face! Did you ever know care do a fellow good? I never did; but a great deal of harm. I shall manage to scramble out of my pit somehow. You'll see." He put the note in his pocket, as he spoke, and took up his hat to depart.

"Stop an instant longer, Hamish. I have just met Hopper."

"He did not convert you into a writer, I hope. I don't think it would be a legal service."

"There you are, making joke of it again! Hamish, he has the writ, but he does not wish to serve it. You are to keep out of his way, he says, and he will not seek to put himself in yours. My father was kind to him in days gone by, and he remembers it now."

"He's a regular trump! I'll see him half a crown in a parcel," exclaimed Hamish.

"I wish you would hear me out. He says a £10 note, perhaps a £5 note, paid on account, would induce 'his people.' I suppose you understand the phrase—to pay proceeds, and give you time. He strongly advises it to be done. That's all."

Not only all Arthur had to say upon the point, but all he had time to say. At that moment the barouche of Lady Augusta Yorke drove up to the door, and they both went into it. Lady Augusta, her daughter Fanny, and Constance Channing were in it. She was on her way to attend a missionary meeting at the Guildhall, and had come to take up Roland, that he might escort her into the room.

"Roland is not to be found, Lady Augusta," said Hamish, raising his hat, with one of his sunny smiles. "He darted off, it is impossible to say where, thereby making me a prisoner. My brother had to attend the cathedral, and there was nobody to keep off."

"Then I think I must also make a prisoner of you, Mr. Hamish Channing," graciously said Lady Augusta. "Will you accompany me?"

Hamish shook his head. "I wish I could, but I have already wasted more time than I ought to have done."

"It will not cost you five minutes more," urged Lady Augusta. "You shall only just take us into the hall. I will release you then, if you must be released. Three ladies never can go in alone, fancy how we should get stared at."

Constance bent her pretty face forward. "Do, Hamish, if you can."

He suffered himself to be persuaded, stepped into the barouche, and took his seat by Lady Augusta. As they drove away, Arthur thought the greatest ornament the carriage contained had been added to it in Hamish Channing.

A full hour Arthur worked on at his deeds and leaves, and Yorke never returned. Mr. Galloway came in then. "Where's Yorke?" was his first question.

Arthur replied that he did not know, he had "stepped out" somewhere. Arthur Channing was not one to make mischief, or get another into trouble. Mr. Galloway asked no further; he probably inferred that Yorke had not just gone. He sat down at Jenkins's desk, and began to read over a lease.

"Can I have the stamps, sir, for this deed?" Arthur presently asked.

"They are not ready. Are the letters signed to the post?"

"Not yet, sir."

"You can take them, now, then. As I Arthur, suppose you step in as you return, and see how Jenkins is."

"Very well, sir." He went into Mr. Galloway's room, and brought forth the three letters from the rack. Is this one not to be sealed?" he inquired of Mr. Galloway, indicating the one directed to Ventnor, for it was Mr. Galloway's invariable custom to seal letters which contained money, after they had been fastened down with the gum. "It is a double surety," he would say.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Mr. Galloway. "I went off in a hurry, and did not do it. Bring me the wax."

Arthur handed him the sealing wax and a light. Mr. Galloway sealed the letter, stamping it with the seal hanging to his watch-chain. He then held out his hand for another of the letters, and sealed that. "And this one, also?" inquired Arthur, holding out the third.

"No. You can take them, now."

Arthur departed. A few paces from the door he met Roland Yorke, coming along in a white heat.

"Channing, I could not help it. I could not, upon my honor. I had to go some where with Knivett, and we were kept till now. Galloway's in an awful rage, I suppose."

"He has only just come in. You had no right to play me this trick, Yorke. But for Hamish being there, I must have locked up the office. Don't you do it again, or Mr. Galloway may get to hear of it."

"It is all owing to that confounded Jenkins!" flashed Roland. "Why did he go and get his head smashed? You are a good fellow, Arthur. I'll do you a neighborly turn, some time."

He sped into the office, and Arthur walked to the post with the letters. Coming back, he turned into Mrs. Jenkins's shop in the High street.

"Mrs. Jenkins was behind the counter. 'Oh, go up! go up and see him!' she cried in a tone of suppressed passion. 'His bedroom's front, up the two pair flight. I'll take my affidavit there have been fifty folks here this day to see him, if there has been one. You'll find other company up there!'"

Arthur groped his way up the stairs; they were dark to his sight, coming in from the garish sunshine. He found the room indifferently entered. Jenkins by in his bed, his head against the pillow, and his clerical hat held between his knees, was the Bishop of Helstonleigh.

CHAPTER XV.

A SPLASH IN THE RIVER.

Amongst other received facts, patent to common and uncommon sense, is the very obvious one that a man cannot be in two places at once. Many a prisoner, accused wrongfully, has made clear his innocence, and saved his life by proving this; if he were in one place, he could not have been in another, establishing what is called an *alibi*.

In like manner, no author, that I ever heard of, was able to relate two different portions of his narrative at one and the same time. Thus, you will readily understand, that if I devoted last week's paper to Mr. Galloway, his clerks, and their concerns generally, it could not be given to Mr. Ketch and his concerns, at the same time, in the strict order of time and precedence, the latter portion might have claimed an equal, if not a premier right.

Mr. Ketch stood in his lodge, his body leaning for support upon the shut-up pressed steel, which, by day, looked like a high chest of drawers with brass handles, and his eyes fixed on the keys, hanging on the wall opposite to him. His state of mind may be best expressed by the strange epithet, "savagely."

Mr. Ketch had not a pleasant looking face at the best of times; it was green and withered, and his small, bright eyes were always dropping water, and the two or three locks of hair which he still possessed were of faded yellow, and stood out, solitary and stiff after the manner of those pictures you have seen of heathens, who decorate their heads with three upright tails. At this moment his countenance looked particularly unpleasant.

Mr. Ketch had spent part of the night and the whole of this morning, revolving the previous evening's affair of the cloisters. The more he thought of it the less he liked it, and the surer grew his conviction that the evil had been the work of his enemies, the college boys.

"It was safe to say," he was continually saying to himself, "there be the right keys, no more to the hanging two, and there be the wrong ones," nothing towards an old knave, into which he had angrily thrown the only keys, upon entering his lodge the last night, accompanied by the crowd. They meant to lock me up all night in the cloisters, the wicked cannibals! I hope the dean'll expel 'em! I'll make my complaint to the head-master, I will! I'll drive all college school-boys' heads over the parapet in ten days!"

How are you this morning, Ketch?" the salutation proceeded from Stephen Bywater, who in the best manner possible, and with his hands behind his back, and with the violence of his countenance, unconscious that the Bishop of Helstonleigh was watching him, was making a most extraordinary expression. He looked like a man who had been in a hot bath, and was now in a cold one, and was in a state of great excitement.

"You need not be so civil," returned Bywater, with great civility. "I am only making a morning call upon you, as is the fashion among gentlemen; the public debts to pay respect to the officials, you know. How do you feel after that mishap last night? We can't think any of us, however you came to make the mistake."

"I'm mistaken," said Ketch, "I kept a rusty old rusty brace of keys in my lodge to take out, instead of the right ones, didn't I?"

"How uncommon stupid it would be to do so," said Bywater, pretending to take the matter literally. "I would not be so stupid as to put keys in my pocket. I should make sure they'd stay in my pocket. What do you say?"

"You need not keep duplicate keys, they were few and far between. Why, then, did you put them in your pocket? The bishop told you. He said he would give you the keys, and you put them in your pocket, and you lost them, didn't you?"

"I don't deny that we do provoke him, but you can have no idea what an awful tyrant he is to us. I can't believe anybody was ever born with such a cruel-grained temper. He vents it upon everybody, not only

bring the keys with me. He'll let you boys know whether there's two pairs, or one. Horrid old rusty things they be, as rusty as you."

"Who says they are rusty?"

"Who says it? They be rusty!" shrieked the old man. "You'd like to get me into a mad house, you boys would, a worrying of me! I'll show you whether they be rusty! I'll show you whether there's a second brace of keys or not! I'll show 'em to the head-master! I'll show 'em to the dean! I'll show 'em again to his lordship the bi— What's gone of the keys?"

The last sentence was uttered in a different tone, in apparent perplexity. With shaking hands, and excited by passion, Mr. Ketch was rummaging in the knife-box—an old, deep tray, of mahogany, dark with age, divided by a partition, rummaging for the rusty keys. He could not find them. He searched on this side, he searched on that; he pulled out the contents, one by one, a black-handled knife, a white-handled fork, a green-handled knife with a broken point, and a brown-handled fork with one prong, which comprised his household cutlery; a small whetstone, a comb and a blacking brush, a gimlet, and a small hammer, some leather shoe strings, three or four tallow candles, a match-box and an extinguisher, the key of his door, the bolt of his casement window, and a few other miscellaneous. He could not come upon the false keys, and, finally, he made a snatch at the tray, and turned it upside down. The keys were not there.

When he had fully taken in the fact—which cost him some little time to do—he turned his anger upon Bywater.

"You have took 'em, you have! you have turned thief and stole 'em! I put 'em here in the knife-box, and they are gone! What have you done with 'em?"

"Come, that's good!" exclaimed Bywater, in too genuine a tone to admit a suspicion of its truth. "I have not been near your knife-box, I have not put my foot inside the door."

In point of fact, Bywater had not; he had stood outside, bending his head and body inwards, his hands grasping either door post.

"What's gone with 'em? who has took 'em off? I'll swear I put 'em there, and I have never looked at 'em nor touched 'em since! There's an infamous conspiracy, a forming again me! I'm going to be blown up like Guy Fawkes!"

"If you did put them there—'Gf,' you know—some of your friends must have taken them," cried Bywater, in a tone, midway between reason and irony.

"There haven't a soul been high the place," shrieked Ketch. "Except the milk, and he gave me my ha'porth through the window."

"Hurrah!" said Bywater, throwing up his trencher. "It's a clear case of dromas. You dreamt you had a second pair of keys, Ketch, and couldn't get rid of the impression on awaking. Mr. Ketch, D.H., dreamer in chief to Helstonleigh!"

Bywater commenced a dance of aggravation. Ketch was aggravated sufficiently with out it.

"What d'ye call me?" he asked, in a state of concentrated temper that burned his face livid. "D'ye mean by 'D.H.' that I stand for that bad spirit as is set near to you college boys, he's among you always, like a racing lion. It's like your impudence to call me by his name!"

"My dear Mr. Ketch," call you by his name? I never thought of such a thing," politely returned Bywater. "You are not promoted to that honor yet. D.H. stands for Deputy Hangman. Don't it offend to the cathedral roll, kept amid the archives in the chapter house. John Ketch, D.H., porter to the cloisters? I hope you don't omit the distinguished initials when you sign your letters."

Ketch boiled. Bywater danced. The former could not find words. The latter found plenty.

"I say, though, Mr. Channing, don't you make a similar mistake when you are going on public duty. If you were to call this dreaming you had got the right apparatus, and find in the last critical moment that you had brought the wrong one, you don't know what the consequences might be. The real prison might escape, and by the enraged monks, and they might put the night upon you, and upon your eyes, instead of me, be careful. We mustn't afford to lose you, and think what a lot of money it would cost to put the college into mourning!"

Ketch gave a great gasp of agony. This was an awful allusion to his condition, which, by the way, was a state of great excitement. He was in a state of great excitement, and was in a state of great excitement.

"I don't deny that we do provoke him, but you can have no idea what an awful tyrant he is to us. I can't believe anybody was ever born with such a cruel-grained temper. He vents it upon everybody, not only

upon the college boys, but upon all who come in his way. If your lordship were not the bishop," added bold Bywater, "he would vent it upon you."

"Would he?" said the bishop, who was a dear lover of candor, and would have excused a whole bushel of mischief, rather than one little grain of a lie.

Not a day passes, but he sets upon us with his tongue. He would keep us out of the cloisters; he would keep us out of our own school room. He goes to the head-master with the most unfounded charges—stories, and when the master declines to notice them (for he knows Ketch of old) then he goes presumptuously to the dean. If he let us alone, we should let him alone. I am not speaking this in the light of a complaint to your lordship," Bywater added, throwing his head back. "I don't want to get him into a row, tyrant though he is, and the college boys can hold their own against Ketch."

"I expect they can," significantly replied the bishop. "He would keep you out of the cloisters, would he?"

"It is what he is aiming at," returned Bywater. "There never would have been a word said about our playing there but for him. If the dean shuts us out it will be Ketch's doing. The college boys have played in the cloisters since the school was founded."

"He would keep you out of the cloisters; so, by way of retaliation, you lock him in them—an uncomfortable abiding place for a night, Bywater."

"My lord!" cried Bywater.

"Sir?" responded his lordship.

"Does your lordship think that it was I who played that trick to Ketch?"

"Yes I do—speaking of you conjointly with the school."

Bywater's eyes and his good humored countenance fell before the steady gaze of the prelate. But in the gaze there was an earnest if Bywater could read it aright, of good feeling, of excuse for the mischief, rather than of punishment in store. The boy's face was red enough at all times, but it turned to scarlet now. If the bishop had suspected previously the share played in the affair by the college boys, it had by this time been converted into a certainty.

"Boy," said he, "confess it if you like, be silent if you like, but do not tell me a lie."

